

"BOYFRIENDZ"
PILOT
"In With The New"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. DARNELL'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - LATE MORNING

SATURDAY. FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY. The fabulous and non-binary DANIEL "Z" SANCHEZ (28); short but styled black hair, Hispanic, androgynous; is sitting at the dining room table eating breakfast with the even more fabulous (as he proclaims) DARNELL BROOKS (26), mixed ethnicity, extremely handsome, toned body, holier than though air.

Z

Aren't my eggs amazing?! Wanna know my secret ingredients?

DARNELL

If I had to take a guess, I'd say fear...and...uncertainty.

(plays with eggs; disgusted)

Cause those are the only two emotions these eggs are "in-yolking" in me.

Z

(sneers)

You know, maybe if you used your stove once in a while, you'd be able to attract yourself a *man* instead of all the...

(looks around)

Bad spirits I've felt since me and Stony have had to stay here.

DARNELL

And isn't it odd that you felt those "bad spirits" the minute you invaded my beautiful abode? The call is coming from inside the house, bitch.

Z

All I'm saying is you have a stove...use it. Or at least give it to me cause annoying as you may be, you do have some sickening shit.

Darnell's been ignoring Z for the last few seconds, distracted by something on his phone.

DARNELL

Ugh! Ugly...ugly...ugly...clown

car...mom van...ugh!
(drops phone on table)
So, it's very obvious that I'm going
to have to go to the dealership in
person to pick out a car. I swear
online shopping is only good when
you're on Rentboy.com.
(thinks)
Oh! Maybe I could shop for one of
those! And also...
(moves eggs with his fork;
disgusted)
Food...delivery.

Z sneers at Darnell.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING CREDITS

TITLE CARD APPEARS

"BOYFRIENDZ"

INT. DARNELL'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - LATE MORNING - CONT'D

The front door opens.

JULIAN (O.S.)
Honiessss! I'm home!

JULIAN CHRISTOPHER (24); adorably handsome, African American,
with a child-like whimsy, walks into the apartment and sits
at the table with Z and Darnell.

Z
Heyyy! Hungry? I made you a plate.

DARNELL
FYI, you'd be better off eating the
plate, then the food that's on it.

JULIAN
(laughs)
Thank you but no thank you. I have an
audition in a few and I cannot go
there on a full stomach.

Z
Audition for what?

JULIAN

A music video. I put it in the group chat last night.

Z

You did? I've been so focused on making sure everything is set for our move in this week, I musta' missed it.

JULIAN

Completely understandable. I really can't believe you and Stony are moving into your first house together, this is so exciting.

Z

(points at Darnell)

And I can't believe that "Messy Mary The Realtor" over there is the one who found it for us.

DARNELL

The only thing messy about me was the hot wax Pierre put on me last night, thank you very much.

JULIAN

Hey, why didn't you tell me you were going to get a wax, I've been wanting to get one too, we could've gone together.

DARNELL

Because I wasn't getting a wax, I was getting fucked.

(confused)

What would make you think I was getting a wax?

Julian and Z stare at Darnell in disbelief.

Z/JULIAN

Never mind.

Z

Julian, remind me to *not* give him a key to me and my hussband's new house. The last thing I wanna do is walk into my sanctuary and find Darnell, covered in wax, bent over my kitchen sink like some freaky deaky

human candle.

DARNELL

Sweetie let's be *clear*...I would never host a sexual liaison in a "rent to own" home. Even if I don't plan on seeing the man again, first impressions matter. Which is why I'm still wondering...exactly how low were Stony's standards when he met you three years ago?

STONY ELLIOT (29), African American, six-foot, blue collar every day man comes into the dining room and sits down next to Z.

STONY

Listen, after four shots of Hennessy? I probably would've slept with Clifford the Big Red Dog, okay?

DARNELL

(points to Z)

And even *that* would've been a step up from Courage The Cowardly Lion over there.

Darnell's phone rings.

DARNELL

(annoyed)

Ugh, I gotta take this, it's my assistant.

(answers in a whiney voice)

Estelle! I'M WITH MY FRIENDSSSSSS!

Darnell leaves table.

STONY

Hey baby.

Stony goes to kiss Z but they back away.

Z

Nah uh! You just compared me to a supernaturally large dog and now you want me to kiss you?

STONY

I was just playing, babe! You know the first moment I saw you in the club, I

wanted that WAP...and I *also* knew that your little fast ass was gonna give it to me.

Z

Uh, correction, the way I remember it? I got the WAP first.

STONY

(thinks)

Well...I do get a little versatile when I'm on the Henny.

Stony and Z kiss.

JULIAN

(sighs)

Guys! I don't know why but I have way more nerves than usual about this audition.

(pause)

What if I suck?

STONY

Well, then you might get a part in that video.

Z

(rolls eyes)

Julian, you're second guessing yourself soooo...you're probably gonna fail.

JULIAN

Geez, thanks for the vote of confidence.

Z

I'm just saying, boo! That's like me thinking I'm *not* gonna win a drag pageant and then *not* win the drag pageant. Thoughts, both negative *and* positive, have power.

JULIAN

(thinks)

And have those "positive thoughts" been getting you through dealing with Darnell?

Z

Plus, those incantations I got from that spell casting book from Spencer's that just magically appeared in my bag after not paying for it.

STONY

Don't worry, babe, we have less than a week left in this place.

(pause)

By the way...what did Brittany say about that little mishap on your last temp job? She didn't fire you, right? Cause we're gonna need *all* the income we can get.

Z

Why would she fire me?

JULIAN

Well, you were hired to be a dog walker and then you...lost the dog you were hired to walk.

STONY

By letting it get caught in that street cleaning truck. Can animals get PTSD?

Darnell comes back into the dining room and sits down next to Julian.

DARNELL

Why don't you just ask Z? I'm sure they can shed some light on that subject due to the fact that their ancestors had starring roles in "Dances With Wolves".

Z

(to Stony)

I know that assault is illegal in the eyes of the law but...what if *I'm* not the one doing the assaulting? What if I outsource?

STONY

Still illegal, babe.

Z

(pause; irritated)

Ughhhh! I can't have *anything* nice!

Stony and Julian laugh while Z goes back to eating their food and Darnell keeps looking for cars on his phone.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - WAITING ROOM - DAY

SAME DAY. MID-TOWN, NEW YORK. Julian walks in with his gym bag and takes a seat, looking around at the other dancers waiting for their turn to audition. He pulls out his application from his bag and feels for a pen. After rummaging for a few seconds, he realizes he doesn't have one.

JULIAN

You have got to be kidding me. I don't have a pen?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'll trade you that seat for a pen.

Julian looks up and the world stops for a moment. Julian is awestruck by VERNON LYTTLE (27), the most beautiful man Julian has ever seen. His tank top hugs him in all the right places and every muscle is perfectly positioned.

JULIAN

(dazed)

You...want my seat?

VERNON

What? No! No, not at all. I wanted to trade *my* extra pen for the *empty* seat next to you.

JULIAN

(touching his pockets; still in a daze)

I don't have a pen.

VERNON

(laughs)

I know. But *I*...

(takes pen out of his pocket)

Have an extra pen. And *you* have...

Julian finally comes out of his stupor.

JULIAN

An extra...*seat*.

(small laugh)
Please. Sit.

Vernon takes the seat next to Julian and hands him the pen.

JULIAN
I'm sorry, my head leaves me the
minute I walk into an audition. Just
wait til' the part where I start to
get all shaky and nervous and sweaty.

VERNON
Sounds like me right before sex.

JULIAN
Uh...thank you? For sharing that, I
guess?

VERNON
(laughs slightly)
A little *too* straight forward for
somebody you don't even know, huh?
(extends hand)
Vernon. Vernon Lyttle.

JULIAN
(shakes Vernon's hand)
Julian Christopher. It's nice to meet
you.

VERNON
So since we're acquainted...now can I
tell you about how jittery I get
before sex?

JULIAN
(laughs)
You must have a side job in making
people uncomfortable cause you're
oddly good at it.

VERNON
Well, you know how you go blank at
auditions? *I* use ice breaking tactics
that I found on Tiktok that
apparently, do not work, like...at all.

JULIAN
We all have our things but
dancing...seems to be one of the
things that we share.

VERNON

And life for a dancer ain't easy. I mean, I manage a clothing store in Soho five days a week, do odd jobs on the weekends, and then come to auditions like this *just* so I can continue to follow my dreams because it's "God's will" or whatever.

(thinks)

I probably shouldn't have listened to that damn priest back at home.

Julian snickers. He's been intently listening to Vernon's every word.

JULIAN

So where is...home, exactly?

VERNON

Before? Jacksonville, Florida. Now? Garfield, New Jersey.

JULIAN

You are *joking*! I'm in Lodi!

VERNON

(surprised)

No way! We're neighbors!

JULIAN

I know, that is so sickening!

VERNON

(confused)

Sickening? I mean, if you don't like the fact that I live a town over from you, I *can* just go back to Florida.

JULIAN

(embarrassed)

No, no! Sickening is a--it's a gay term. It can describe someone who is *really* attractive or just something that's really good like...guacamole.

VERNON

(surprised)

You're...gay?

JULIAN
("duh" look on his face)
Thought that was kind of a given.

VERNON
Well, I just don't assume every male
dancer is gay. I mean, I'm not.
(pause)
No offense. Just wanted to put that
out there in case...

JULIAN
Wow, let me pick up the pieces of my
broken heart off the floor. Boy, don't
nobody want you.
(pause)
No offense.

Vernon laughs.

VERNON
(a little surprised)
Hey, you're entitled to your own
opinion.

They sit in silence for a moment, filling out their
paperwork.

VERNON
What is it though? I'm not your type?
Too tall? Too built?
(smiles big)
Something wrong with my teeth?

JULIAN
(pause)
Honestly? It's them ears. You could
parachute out of a plane with those
things.

VERNON
If I needed a parachute, I could just
reach into my pants and use my d...

JULIAN
Ah! Pump ya brakes, sir, and just
check them boxes, okay? Nasty ass.

Vernon laughs and Julian does too as they continue their
paperwork.

INT. LISA'S - TABLE - DAY

MONDAY. TWO DAYS LATER. JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY. Julian, Z, Stony, and Darnell are having drinks as they usually do at their usual spot. Darnell seems preoccupied on his phone.

Z

Sooooo, how was the audition? I had my face glued to that damn group chat and you ain't say squat about Jack.

JULIAN

It was a bust. The "artist" wasn't an artist at all. He actually turned out to be an...

(low voice)

Escaped mental patient.

Z

I know you fucking lying.

JULIAN

Nope, dead serious. His real name? Lamar Catoe. Diagnosis? Crazy as hell. The guy suffers from schizophrenia and *somehow* got out of his little padded room.

STONY

That's crazy. So, basically you wasted your time for no reason.

Julian thinks about Vernon.

JULIAN

(sheepish smile)

Well...

DARNELL

(eyes wide)

You met a guy.

JULIAN

No, I didn't!

DARNELL

Yeah, ya did! You have the same look on your face you had when you saw Randy Angeles with his shirt off for the first time in high school. Your eyes are all twinkly, your teeth are

showing when you smile...either you met a guy...or you just farted.

JULIAN

(pause)

Okay fine!

(smiles big)

His name is Vernon and he is sick-o-ning. He boxes, he...he teaches a dance class on the weekends, he works in a retail store in Soho...

DARNELL

(disgusted)

A mall rat?! Why are we talking about this man again?

STONY

Because obviously our little Julian is crushing.

Z

Like a big bitch riding a dwarf, honey.

JULIAN

(laughs)

No, no it is not what you guys are thinking at all because Vernon is...straight.

Z, Darnell, and Stony all wear various facial expressions of disapproval.

JULIAN

(downtrodden)

Exactly.

(sighs)

Why do I always meet the straight guys who have no problem being cool with gay men? You know, it's a lot easier to not be attracted to men when they stick with what they know, which is being homophobic assholes.

DARNELL

Well, most of the time that's just a front and all you've really gotta do is, ya know, suck the homophobia right out of em'.

Z

(to Darnell)

How you aren't the face of a brothel campaign is beyond me. And Julian, we *can't* complain about straight men *not* accepting us and then *also* complain when they do.

Z notices Darnell is paying them no attention.

Z

Hello, Darnell. Trying to save a friend from going down a dead end rabbit hole, pay attention, bitch.

DARNELL

Sorry. I'm finalizing paperwork on a house I just sold that's gonna get me the rest of the money I need to have my new car by the end of this week.

Z

(excited)

Oh! Speaking of paperwork, did you get our closing documents for me and my hussband's new dwelling?

DARNELL

(shows phone)

Yup, got em' right here in my e-mail. Now can you leave me the hell alone so we can get back to whatever Julian was talking about before?

STONY

(to Julian)

Yes, Vernon! So, you're feeling him. Any inkling he might be feeling you?

JULIAN

I don't know.

Z

Now you know Julian's gaydar has always been on the fritz.

STONY

Yeah, but there are still signs he could look for.

DARNELL

Definitely. Like when you "accidentally" touch a man's crotch cause you "accidentally" dropped your lip balm in his lap, and then you "accidentally" end up on the roof of your building playing "naughty super and broke tenant"? You *definitely* know then.

Julian, Z, and Stony look dumbfounded.

DARNELL

What? Does that...only happen to me?

STONY

Well Julian, and God knows I *don't* say this a lot, but...Darnell might have a point. Life is short. So maybe you should make a move on this Vernon guy and just see what happens. I mean...
(gives Z a sexy look)
The early bird...*does* get the nut.

Z

Birds don't eat nuts, you whore! You know what? You disgust me, I want a divorce.

STONY

Baby, where is your funny bone?

Z

I will *ruin* you, bitch! Don't do me.

ACT TWO

EXT. CHRISTOPHER STREET PIER - DAY

NEXT DAY. TUESDAY. DOWNTOWN, NEW YORK. Julian is sitting down on a bench watching a video on his phone. TERRENCE CARTWRIGHT (28); exceptionally handsome, exceptional physique, the epitome of a Disney prince, is on a phone call and sits down on a bench next to Julian.

TERRENCE

Yeah, that's great! Tell the band I'll be on set at seven. Oh and can you ask them if they're gonna have string cheese?...cheese curds? The hell is that?...

(dejected)
Alright fine, I'll see you then.
(hangs up; thinks)
The hell is a cheese curd?

JULIAN
(not looking up from his phone)
Something that should *never* be
ingested by the human body.

Terrence looks over, seeing Julian for the first time and it's as though the world stops for him, but he stays cool.

TERRENCE
(laughs)
Not a fan, huh?

JULIAN
Well, I tried them once at a restaurant thinking it was like, fried mozzarella and instead I ended up using them as ammo in a food fight with this seven-year-old who kept throwing chicken bones at me.

TERRENCE
(laughs)
Really? Who won the food fight?

JULIAN
Uhhh, me of course! Age is a non-factor when it comes to competition, I beat that little boy's ass.

TERRENCE
(smiles)
I'm like that too, actually. You should hear me when I'm playing Call of Duty, I've *probably* cursed out more little kids than...
(thinks)
Miss Trunchbull.

JULIAN
(smiles; impressed)
A Matilda reference?

TERRENCE
Was and is *still* one of my favorite movies.

JULIAN

Mine too! Even though it *did* ruin
chocolate cake for me for like, ever.
Talk about childhood trauma.

TERRENCE

Let's not. I wouldn't want you to
judge me for my...fear of...goldfish.

JULIAN

(disbelief)

Goldfish? They're harmless. Except the
goldfish crackers, now they can just
discontinue that entire line.

TERRENCE

Not your thing?

JULIAN

I...don't like to eat crunchy food. It's
like, "Why are you making my mouth
work this hard?".

TERRENCE

So, you're telling me you *hate* tacos?

JULIAN

(thinks)

No, I do love a good taco.

TERRENCE

Whew! Okay, Jesus! You were scaring me
for a minute there.

JULIAN

Why?

TERRENCE

Because...I was wondering how I could
take you on a date to my favorite taco
truck if you didn't appreciate a
good...ya know...ground beef smiley.

Julian is a little taken back by Terrence's forwardness.

JULIAN

(smirks)

I am all about the Mexican food. Even
though I suck at Spanish...but I do
know the bad words.

TERRENCE

I'm sure you know more than just the bad words.

Terrence leans in close to Julian, locking eyes with him.

TERRENCE

Creo que eres realmente hermoso.
(*Translation: I think you're really beautiful.*)

JULIAN

(thinks)
I...think you're...really...beautiful.

Julian smiles shyly, touched by Terrence's compliment.

TERRENCE

See? You do know more than just the bad words.

JULIAN

(pause)
Thank you. I don't...I don't really hear that a lot.

TERRENCE

Hang around me more often and you'll hear it all the time.

Julian stares into Terrence's beautiful eyes, a little overwhelmed by this gorgeous man hitting on him. Julian's alarm goes off on his phone.

JULIAN

Oh, wow, I didn't know it was so late. I gotta catch my train.

TERRENCE

Aw, well that means my Fro-yo idea is down the drain.

JULIAN

(pause)
Maybe some other time. But it was really nice meeting you, I hope you enjoy the rest of your night.

Julian gets up and walks away. Terrence just watches Julian leave, the man who's taken his breath away. Then he remembers something.

TERRENCE

Wait! I didn't even get your number or
your...

Terrence sees that Julian is too far off in the distance to
hear him.

TERRENCE

(sadly)

Name.

INT. DARNELL'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - DAY

NEXT DAY. WEDNESDAY. FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY. Julian and Darnell
are sitting down at the table. Julian is staring into space,
lost in his thoughts. Darnell is rapidly texting on his
phone.

The doorbell rings.

DARNELL

Who the hell is that? I told Jack he
wouldn't be jackhammering me until
eight.

JULIAN

(makes a face)

That...would be Vernon.

DARNELL

Who the *hell* is Vernon?

JULIAN

The guy I told you I met at my
audition. He asked if I could print
out some flyers for his job which is
why I came here so I could use your
printer. I told him to meet me here.

DARNELL

I'm still stuck on this audition
thing, I thought you worked in
customer service?

Julian shakes his head at Darnell's obliviousness and goes
downstairs to open the door.

JULIAN (O.S.)

Hey! It's good to see you again.

VERNON (O.S.)

You too. Thanks for the favor.

Julian and Vernon walk back upstairs to the dining room.
Julian sits back in his seat.

JULIAN

Darnell...this is Vernon, Vernon this is
one of my best friends, Darnell
Brooks.

VERNON

(extending hand)

Nice to meet you.

DARNELL

(barely glancing)

It's always nice to meet me.

JULIAN

(to Darnell)

Stop being so rude. I'm sorry, Vernon,
he's much nicer to his shoe
collection.

Suddenly, Darnell has a moment of recognition. And an idea.

DARNELL

(gasps)

Ohhhh, Verrrrnon! The store clerk
from SoHo!

(gasps again)

Julian! I *just* remembered...I can't go
with you to the movies tonight, I have
an appointment with a client, sorry.

JULIAN

(confused)

What movie? We didn't have plans for a
movie.

(thinks)

Or did we? Am I doing the dumb blonde
bitch thing again?

DARNELL

Yes, you are. I'm talking about the
movie you really wanted to see. That
we were going to see together but now
we can't because of my client and
nowwww...you're going alone.

VERNON

(to Julian)

Hey, you don't gotta go alone, I can go with you.

Darnell looks happy, Julian looks shocked.

JULIAN/DARNELL

You will?

VERNON

Yeah, why not? What movie is it?

JULIAN

(thinks)

Ummmm...actually, there's this "Movie In The Park" thing they're doing in Hoboken, it's a showing of "Love, Simon". But...you *really* don't have to go, I've seen that movie a million times. And also it's a...gay rom-com so it'll probably be like the...epicenter of homos.

VERNON

(laughs)

It's a good thing I'm not allergic. Tell you what, you've got my number and um, we could meet there. Maybe even get some food beforehand.

JULIAN

(nervous)

Sure.

VERNON

Great, it's a date. I do gotta get going though, trying to beat that rush hour traffic but...I'll see you tonight.

(to Darnell)

It was...*interesting*...meeting you.

Vernon heads downstairs and exits. Julian's mouth is agape, did he really just hear those words?

JULIAN

Darnell...did you hear what he said? He said "*date*".

Darnell looks up from his phone, oblivious.

DARNELL

Who? Somebody walked up in here? Ugh,
I *really* gotta change those locks.

EXT. STREET - RESIDENTIAL BLOCK - EVENING

SAME DAY. WAYNE, NEW JERSEY. Z and Stony are walking up the street on their new block with their former neighbor MISS KIM (50); transgendered woman, kooky, full of wisdom. Z is also in their full drag persona, "Zaynah", wearing a beautiful pink evening gown to make this occasion extra special.

MISS KIM

Miss Diva, lemme tell you honey, I am so happy for you. From the minute you barged your way into my little Stony's life, I knew you were the right one for him. Miss Ma'am came for one night only, never left, and now you living your dream, girl! I'm really gonna miss y'all.

Z

(touched)

Aw, thank you Miss Kim.

STONY

And miss us? You know you are invited *whenever* you wanna come by.

MISS KIM

Oh child, please! I already know I got dibs on that couch from Bob's Furniture Z picked out.

(thinks)

Just make sure you invite me over on a day that Darnell isn't here cause I only have enough patience for *that* one? One day a week. Anything more than that? I'm liable to make balloon animals out of his larynx.

Z And Stony laugh. The three of them stop in their tracks, seeing something in the distance.

A WOMAN IS STANDING ON THE LAWN OF STONY AND Z'S NEW HOME, TAKING SELFIES IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE.

STONY

Babe...why is that lady taking selfies in front of our house?

MISS KIM

Maybe she's part of the neighborhood welcoming committee. You know how they do in these uppity white people, middle class suburban areas and stuff.

STONY

When I had my orientation for my job as head of the *paid* neighborhood watch team, that was not in the PowerPoint presentation.

MISS KIM

(pause)

So maybe she's planning on breaking in? But it *is* kinda bold to be taking a photo op before she bout to do a smash and grab. These suburban thieves is something else, child! At least the ones in the ghetto don't throw it in your face like that, nah uh, they don't do that.

Z is ready to go to war! Stony, Miss Kim, and Z walk up to the woman, QUIRIANA, a pleasant woman with a southern accent; their faces all business.

QUIRIANA

(very friendly)

Oh my God, I love your gown! But may I ask...why are you...wearing a gown? Wait...

(thinks)

Are you part of the neighborhood welcoming committee? You know, we read about those online but we ain't know y'all go all out like this for the new move-ins! I'm Quiriana.

Z

"You're a gon-er"? Is that what you said? Yeahhhh, I *think* that's what you said.

QUIRANA

No honey, I said my name is "Cur-Ree-Ahn-Na".

Z

Bitch, I don't care if you were the living embodiment of the *Quran*! What the hell do you think you're doing

acting like you live up in our house?!

STONY

I'm sorry, what my partner here is saying...

MISS KIM

Um, what Diva here is saying is that I'm old school, baby okay? Which means I never leave home without two things...

(pulls a credit card out of her bag)

My sugar daddy's American Express...

(pulls out a razor blade)

And my straight razor. Now what is you doing up in here, girl?

QUIRIANA

Look, if you're having some sort of discrepancy then you can kindly call my realtor, Darnell Brooks...

Z

You mean *our* realtor, Darnell Brooks.

QUIRANA

Nooooo, sweetie, Darnell is the one who sold me and my husband this house. We gave him our fifteen thousand dollar down payment a few days ago and now here we are! Home sweet home! I'm just so happy that the commission he got from this sale was able to get him a brand spanking new car, you know what they say, one hand washes the other.

Z, Stony, and Miss Kim are in shock when they realize what Darnell has done.

Z

(laughing nervously)

No...no...he didn't...he wouldn't have...

(to Stony & Miss Kim)

He *wouldn't*...right?

QUIRIANA

Aw sweetie, I'm real sorry for the mix-up but hey, do y'all wanna come in? I just whipped up a nice pernil, fresh out the oven!

MISS KIM

(excited)

Ooooo bitch, don't mind if I do! I am
a sucker for some roast pig, honey!

Miss Kim walks past Z and Stony who look bewildered as Miss Kim links arms with Quiriana.

MISS KIM

(to Z & Stony)

What?! Look, apparently, y'all are
homeless. Ain't no need for y'all to
be hungry too! Bring yo asses on!

Miss Kim walks inside the house with Quiriana, leaving Z and Stony confused and seething. Suddenly, a shiny new car pulls up and parks. Darnell jumps out carrying a shopping bag and walks over to Z and Stony.

DARNELL

Oh my God, did you really dress up
just to celebrate my new car? Ugh! My
friends really do care about me.

Z

Bitch, I am going to strangle you with
this chiffon!

DARNELL

What did I do?!

STONY

You sold our house so you could buy
that stupid ass car!

DARNELL

What? I did not sell your house, I
sold a house. Mind you, it was a house
that this couple was going to rent to
own which meant no down payment for
Darnell and that wasn't gonna work so
I...

(realizes)

Oh shit.

Z

Baby, help me rip off some of this
chiffon.

DARNELL

Z, I will fix this, I swear!

(sniffs)
 But first, I'm gonna get some of that
 roast pig Quiriana invited me over for
 as a "thank you" for selling her your
 house. Which again, I will fix. Just
 can't do it on an empty stomach.

Darnell walks past Z and Stony as they just stare at him in
 dumbfounded awe.

STONY

Z...

Z

Why aren't you ripping?!

ACT THREE

EXT. PARK - BENCHES - NIGHT

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY. Julian is sitting down at a table,
 typing on his phone. Vernon comes over and sits down across
 from him.

VERNON

Setting up a little booty call for
 later?

JULIAN

Please. This booty hasn't been called
 on in a long time. I was just
 responding to my group chat.

VERNON

Come on Jewelz, you don't gotta
 downplay it for me. I've seen how the
 gays operate. The gay world is like
 "Dude Central", you're just always...all
 over each other, always available...that
 kinda thing.

JULIAN

(sad tone)

Well...I'm not like those guys you're
 talking about...

(sighs)

But sometimes I...kinda wish I was. That
 I was able to just...cling to those
 physical moments instead of...wanting
 and waiting for something more. I
 mean, it would definitely be better

than going home alone every night.

Vernon nods his head, understanding Julian's plight.

VERNON

Well to me, it just sounds like you want...substance. And there's nothing wrong with that. I actually respect it.

JULIAN

Yeah but...I'm also twenty-four, *almost* twenty-five and...I've only had one serious relationship in my entire life and to some gay men? That makes it look like...there's something wrong with me.

VERNON

Why?

JULIAN

Because in the gay world, by the time you're my age? Most guys have gotten married and then divorced more times than Jennifer Lopez and those of us who don't even go out on dates get labeled...undesirable. Inexperienced or...problematic.

VERNON

Wow.

(pause)

Well...take it from me, someone who is just getting to know you...those gay men who have that perception of you? Are wrong. Like, completely. I mean, aside from your obsession with musicals and all things "rom-commy"...

Julian laughs.

VERNON

I don't see anything wrong with you at all.

Julian and Vernon's eyes meet long enough to make Julian feel awkwardly uncomfortable with this intimate moment. Julian smiles shyly.

INT. Z & STONY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SATURDAY. WAYNE, NEW JERSEY. Z, Darnell, and Julian are sitting on the bed. Z's on their laptop and Stony comes in with a plate of brownies, handing one to Z.

Z

Thank youuuu, baby.
(takes a bite)
Ugh, these are everything.

DARNELL

Oh, I know you are not stuffing Betty Crocker into that sinkhole you call a mouth while laying on *my* new state of the art memory foam mattress with top-of-the-line chiffon sheet set!

Z

(bites brownie happily)
Just be thankful the chiffon is on the bed and not wrapped around your hickey infested neck.

STONY

You know, Darnell, even though me and my boo almost had to flee the country with your dead body in our trunk, I gotta give it to you. Not only did you get us our house back, *but* you also brought us all new furniture to put in it. You really do know the meaning of "out with the old, in with the new".

DARNELL

Now if only Z could apply that same "out with the old, in with the new" mentality to their crusty wigs, we'd all live a happier existence.

JULIAN

(smiling big)
Oh, my God, that reminds me of this joke Vernon told me about Wendy Williams and her wigs...
(laughing hysterically)
He is so funny!

DARNELL

Heyyyy, I got an idea! Every time you mention that man's name? I get to

throw a pair of your sneakers into a meat grinder.

STONY

Let Julian talk about his boo, don't be mad just cause you don't have one.

Z

I usually don't do this cause I make it a habit not to agree with Satan's little hooved cladding elves but...

(to Julian)

I don't think you realize just how much you actually talk about this man, Julian.

STONY

And y'all don't seem to realize that Julian has spent almost every day with that man since Wednesday. Honestly? I think Vernon might actually like our friend and just doesn't know how to express it.

JULIAN

(thinking blissfully)

You know, sometimes, when we're talking...and I think our eyes meet for just a second longer than they should...a part of me really thinks that he might.

(sighs)

But then I'm Thanos-snapped back to hetero-land when I catch him staring at the waitress's new ass courtesy of the Dominican Republic.

Stony and Z laugh. Julian's phone rings.

CALLER ID SAYS "VERNON"

JULIAN

Oh my God! It's Vernon!

The phone continues to ring.

STONY

Well go talk to your boo!

JULIAN

He is *not* my boo, remember?

DARNELL/STONY/Z

Do you remember?

Julian shakes his head and sits on the edge of the bed, answering the phone.

Z

(whispering)

It hasn't even been a week and Julian is head over heels for this guy. I'm really hoping that after this is all over, we don't have to peel him off the floor with an emotional spatula because that process? Totally exhausting.

Stony is more focused on the pile of envelopes in his hand.

STONY

You know what else is exhausting? Looking through this pile of "give me money..."

(picks up envelope)

"Give me money now..."

(picks up another envelope)

And "give me money now or give me your first born in exchange for keeping your car".

(to Z)

We're really starting to drown a little bit, baby, how's the job search been going?

Z

(typing on laptop; smiling big)

Ah! Well...husssband. You know what they say. God don't come when you call him, but he come when you need him!

(pause)

I just got a job offer. We're officially gonna be a two-income household, babe!

STONY

What?! You're kidding!

Z

Nope! Just got the e-mail and I start Monday! I get to make my own hours and it's paid in hard...cash...money, honey!

STONY
Well, what is it, lemme see!

Z
This!

Z shows Stony the laptop.

STONY
(reading)
"Gay house-husband needed for the sad,
lonely, and sometimes...*HORNY*?! You will
be handsomely compensated to perform
duties for...*lonely* men who haven't been
able to find the one to settle down
with?!"

Z is smiling happily while Darnell and Julian look like "what
the fuck?"

STONY
(reading)
"Duties include but are not limited to
cleaning house, cooking...*HAND HOLDING*
IN THE PARK?! Daily massages,
occasional *PHONE SEX WITH CLIENT WHILE*
THEY'RE AT WORK!" What the hell is
this?!"

Z
Isn't it great?!"

Julian senses his friends may need some "alone time".

JULIAN
Darnell? I think we should go...

DARNELL
Read my mind.
(gets up from bed)
I do not have the proper amount of
moisturizer on to be giving a
statement on the evening news.
(to Z)
See you tomorrow boo.

JULIAN
Yeah! Uh, I mean...
(crosses fingers)
Hopefully.

Z

(confused)

What? Guys, wh--what's wrong?

STONY

I'm gonna go with them cause I
don't...I...I don't know about
you...something ain't right up in your
brain region, I don't...I don't get
it.

Stony gets off the bed and begins to walk out. Though he
turns around, grabbing the plate of brownies off the bed.

STONY

And I'm taking these too. Whores
multiply like gremlins if you feed
them after seven.

Stony leaves the room. Z looks around the now empty bedroom,
stupefied and clueless.

Z

(long pause)

WHAT?!

FADE OUT:

CREDITS ROLL